

# LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

JUL 4

VOLUME 3. NO. 56

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1912. JUL 4

WHOLE NUMBER 108

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

**Judge Court:** On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November.  
J. Hannah, Judge; John M. Hugh, Com'th Attorney; R. M. May, Clerk; G. W. Phillips, Justice of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner; J. D. Kins, Deputy Master Com'r.

**County Court:** On Second Monday in each month.  
**Quarterly Court:** On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.  
**Judge Court:** On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.

I. C. Ferguson,  
Presiding Judge.

**MAGISTRATE'S COURT.**  
1st District—W. G. Short, 1st Monday in each month.  
2nd District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after 1st Monday in each month.  
3rd District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after 1st Monday in each month.  
4th District—Charles Prater, Friday after 1st Monday in each month.  
5th District—Frank Kennard, Wednesday after 2nd Monday in each month.  
6th District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after 2nd Monday in each month.  
7th District—A. F. Blevins, Thursday after 2nd Monday in each month.  
8th District—Franklin Walcott, Thursday after 1st Monday in each month.

**COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
J. C. Ferguson,  
J. P. Haney,  
H. B. Brown,  
W. M. Gardner.

**Coroner—C. F. Lykins.**  
**Surveyor—M. P. Turner.**  
**Fish and Game Warden—W. C. Fugett.**  
**Deputy G. W., Jno M. Perry.**

**West Liberty Police Court—First Wednesday in each month, N. P. Womack, Judge.**

**The County Board of Education for Morgan county, holds its regular meeting the 2nd Monday in each month.**

**J. P. HANEY,**  
County Attorney,  
GENERAL PRACTICE,  
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE,  
West Liberty, Ky.

**W. M. GARDNER,**  
LAWYER,  
WEST LIBERTY, KY.  
Office in  
Commercial Bank Building

**YLAND C. MUSICK,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
JACKSON, KY.  
State and Federal practice. Commercial and civil litigation carefully handled.

**COTTE & HOVERMALE,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WEST LIBERTY, KY.

**NICKELL & CISCO,**  
LAWYERS,  
WEST LIBERTY, KY.  
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE

**Wanted.**  
Brown's condensed state of preservation.  
COURIER.

cards, with  
at this  
of  
and in  
the inner man.  
J. F. STEELE, Mgr.

## WILSON WINS! 46 BALLOTS Leading Progressive Nominated

### Marshall, of Indiana, his Running Mate

#### Convention Adjourns in Greatest Harmony, and Feeling that A Great Democratic Victory is Certain.

Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey, received the Democratic nomination for President Tuesday. His triumph came as the climax of a dramatic hour—the culmination of days of anxiety and wrangling. The final vote which determined the contest was taken amidst scenes that for dramatic intensity have never been exceeded in any convention ever held in the United States in the memory of any man here. The end came at 3:20 p. m. today.

Wilson, having weakened in last night's figures, was looking upon as a sure winner this morning. Chances then made it certain he would be nominated. On the forty-sixth ballot Wilson was nominated and there was general rejoicing. The delegates all pledged their hearty support to the new President.

### Graham Camp Wins.

The Graham Camp base ball team crossed bats with the Cannel City base ball team on the Camp's grounds last Sunday. The weather was ideal and the largest crowd that has ever witnessed a ball game at this place saw the fast team of the camp win the game by the score of 11 to 2. The Camp was never in danger from the start. The Cannel City boys chanced to make two scores in the 8th and from then on until the last they tried mightily hard to roll up their score but no doubt fate was against them as it has been all the year. Tony who starred in the game would be difficult but the playing of Cox at third, Davis at the mound and Barker at centerfield was indeed sensational. Benton pitched a good game, still he was batted from center to circumference and only struck out 5 men, while Davis struck out 13.

The line up as follows:  
Cannel City      Graham Camp  
Barker      cf      Williams  
Benton J.      lf      Henry D.  
Atkins      rf      May  
Lykins      1b      Steele  
Elam T.      2b      Henry W.  
Elam G.      3b      Cox  
Gambill      c      Cisco  
Benton E.      p      Davis

### Spend Sundays AT BEAUTIFUL Highland Park

Kool, Kosy, Komfortable.  
Games and amusements for old and young. Plenty to satisfy the inner man.  
J. F. STEELE, Mgr.

### Farmer's Corner.

Keep everlasting after 'em—the weeds.  
Stir the ground after each rain but don't plow too deep. By this means the rain that falls today can be conserved for use during the latter part of July and August.

Mr. Farmer, contrast your position with that of the professional politician just now, and ask yourself the question: "Which would I rather my boy would be?" If you decide that you had rather he would be a farmer, begin to educate him along these lines at once. Make the farm attractive; make his work pleasant; make the home and its environment congenial; give him something he can call his own and let him own it. Do not give him a bull calf at weaning time, and let him feed and roar it until it is ready for the market and then sell it and put the money in your pocket. Many a boy has been driven off the farm by just such treatment as this. Give your boy something that he will take pride in and let him have it for his very own. In this way you will make a farmer out of him instead of a possible vagabond.

Have you examined your chicks for mites and lice? If you have it's a ten-to-one shot that you have not looked in vain. Biddy is not going to do her best if she is compelled to fight lice and mites day and night. They are not hard to get rid of if you will only go at it right. White-wash for the hen house and roosts; ashes, dust and a good insect powder will do the work. Lice congregate around the eyes and bill of young chickens. They are easily destroyed by the application of a little grease. Better try it. It will pay.

We have yet much to learn about that subtle force to which we now know little more than its name. Electricity is used for power and light and that is about all. We are beginning to hear of its effect on vegetation. One field which lay contiguous to a trolley line is said to have yielded a much greater tonnage of hay than the same character of land situated at a distance from a public road.

Prof. Silas Wentworth claims that on his experimental farm at Roseville, Cal., electricity has proved capable of doubling the production of lambs and greatly increasing the crop of wool. A flock of sheep was divided, one-half being placed in a field under the power wires of an electric company, while the other portion was removed from electric influence. The fleeces of the sheep in the electrically influenced field were 20 per cent heavier and the lambs more than twice as numerous. Will the time come when there will be a market for cheap electric current in the service of

agriculture? We wait to be shown.—Farm Press.

### The Mountain Press Association.

The Mountain editors, newspaper men and women had a most delightful meeting at Trent June 21st and 22nd. The meeting was attended and participated in, not only by the mountain publishers but a number of representatives of Bluegrass papers were present and took part in the proceedings. A number of interesting and instructive papers were read and talks made which we regret we can't give in full. The program, as originally announced, was not adhered to strictly, but variations were made to suit the occasion. Miss Goldie Perry, Winchester, read an interesting paper on "Woman's Sphere in the Newspaper World." Steve Vaught of the Winchester Democrat, read a splendid paper on "Pulling together for profit." Congressman W. J. Fields, of Olive Hill, Col. R. R. Perry, former editor of the Sun-Sentinel, Winchester, Judge O. H. Pollard, of Jackson, J. B. Hoge, of the Hazard Herald and A. H. Patton, of Breathitt County News, each addressed the convention in a happy and instructive vein. A Constitution and By-Laws for the Association were adopted. Ryland C. Musick of the Jackson Times, was reelected President of the Association. The other officers elected were: G. W. Bachman, of the Agitator, Frenchburg Vice-President; Steve Vaught, of the Winchester Democrat, Secretary-Treasurer.

The date and place of the next meeting will be selected by the Executive Committee. On the whole the meeting was quite successful. The L. Park Hotel is a delightful place to hold such meetings and Mr. and Mrs. Howe certainly know how to feed their guests and make them feel at home.

### DINGUS.

Fred Burrows of West Liberty, was here last Saturday in the interest of Whisler and Searcy Lumber company.

R. L. Stevenson, of Vanceburg, will preach here next Sunday. He will probably hold a few days meeting.

Dr. H. V. Nickell, of West Liberty, came out Saturday to see Mesdames, Nora Wheeler and Rissie Fraley. Mrs. Wheeler has been very sick for a few days.

A number of our citizens attended church at the Conley graveyard, on Fanin Fork, last Sunday, and report a large crowd present and a good meeting.

Miss Nettie Houston, of Chaplin, is the guest of Mrs. W. A. Duncan.

Denny M. Carter, of Clearfield, is visiting his parents, Dr and Mrs B. F. Carter.

### Local and Personal.

Aunt Paulina Kendall is very sick.

Miss Hazel Carter has Malarial fever.

John Wallace Day, of Grassy Creek, was in town on business Monday.

Roy F. Henry, representing Abney Barnes Co., spent Sunday in town.

W. S. Kash, of Ezel, transacted business in Circuit Court here last week.

W. R. Tabor, of Rothwell, was in town several days this week attending court.

Nothing will so effectually loosen a quiet woman's tongue as a tight husband.

R. M. Smith, of Jephtha, called in to pay his respects to the Courier force Monday.

W. A. Duncan, Cashier of the Commercial Bank, was in Cincinnati on business this week.

Ben Tolliver, of Morehead, visited relatives and friends in town the first of the week.

Mrs. John Rose and little sons, William Allen and Kent, are visiting relatives in Carter county.

A Virginia gentleman, fined \$100 for kissing a pretty girl, is said to be saving up another \$100.

If you only put a nickel in the contribution box you ought not to kick at the quality of the sermon.

Mrs. Ella Tolliver and little son Hendrix, of Morehead, were here the guests of relatives in town this week.

Clark Patterson and Lee Trimble, of Mt Sterling, were here last week attending Circuit Court.

Mrs. C. W. Womack's condition remains serious. It is thought that she will have to undergo another operation.

It has been discovered that the new Kentucky Prison Commission law makes no provision for employing a secretary.

The waiters and other New York employes have decided to bring their strike to an end and to return to work at once.

Rev. W. P. Fryman and Walter Sebastian returned from a visit to Bourbon county and report that they had a very pleasant visit.

Joe Osborne, of Dehart, was a liberal patron of our job department last week. Joe is doing a good business in real estate.

Jno. M. Perry, of Blaze, attended Court last week and while here dropped in to see us and had us make him a nice lot of stationery.

Casualties of the Italian army in the war with Turkey up to June 7 are reported as fifty-seven officers and 533 soldiers killed.

Judge J. M. Benton, of Winchester was here last week acting as Special Judge in a number of cases in Morgan Circuit Court.

## "The Country Minister"

A Comedy-Drama

This Splendid Play will be staged by the Ladies' Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, South  
**Wednesday, July 3d**  
At 7:30 P. M., at the Court House

To aid in fulfilling their \$500.00 Pledge toward building the new church.

### Cast of Characters

Rev. Ralph Underwood, the country minister.....	J. P. Haney
Gregory Heath, of the world at large.....	J. E. Miller
Jud Pardoe, a wreck on the ocean of life.....	Edgar Lykins
Timothy Hodd, who would rather whittle than work.....	Sam Wheeler
Deacon Potter, "just a trifle deaf.".....	Willie Elam
William Henry.....	Clay Phipps
Tom Sparrow.....	Herbert Maxey
Helen Burleigh, from city.....	Lula Bell Manker
Jerusha Jane Judkins, the postmistress.....	Mrs. E. J. Daniel
Roxy, "a fresh air kid,".....	Floress Seitz
Granny Grimes.....	Leona Bell Carter
Fanny, a maid.....	Lucile Pieratt

### SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Yard of Miss Judkins's store and postoffice, Mullenville, N. Y., on a morning in August.  
Act II.—Same as Act I, half an hour later.  
Act III.—Granny Grime's garret, on the East Side, New York City, the following November.  
Act IV.—Miss Burleigh's home in New York the same evening.  
Act V.—Back at Mullenville, in Miss Judkins's sitting room. One month has elapsed.

**Admission adults 25cts, children under 12, 15 cents.**

John Prater, of Adel was in town Tuesday.

Get ready for the Teacher's Institute next week.

Miss Carmie Gevedos, of Grassy, is visiting J. P. Haney.

H. B. Franklin, of Logville, was a Tuesday visitor in town.

Dr. M. F. Carter, of Farmers, is visiting his brother, Dr. W. G. Carter.

Miss Annie Sample, of Ezel, visited friends in West Liberty last week.

Lee Trimble, of Mt Sterling, spent several days last week with R. M. Oakley.

Miss Orange Oakley, of Pleasant Run, is visiting in west Liberty this week.

Mrs. W. W. McClure has just returned from visiting home folks at Pleasant Run.

Deputy Sheriff, Luther Pieratt, of Ezel, was here the first of the week on official business.

Ben Murphy, of Maytown and Jim Little, of Mize, two of Morgan county's hustling stockmen were in town the first of the week.

Mrs. W. A. Duncan and Guy Cheatum, who have been visiting their parents at Chapin for several weeks, returned home Tuesday.

M. L. Conley, S. M. Fless, Custer Jones, Drs. J. D. Whitaker and J. T. Nickell, of Cannel City, attended Court Friday and Saturday.

Clinton Ferguson, of Grassy Creek, was a business visitor at the Courier office one day last week and had us to get him out a nice lot of job work.

Worry, due to his automobile having run down and killed a man, is believed to be the cause of the suicide of Dr. Howard W. Hewett at Camden N. J., last week.

A. J. Hammons, of White Oak, called in to see us Monday on his way home from Catlettsburg, where he had been attending Court as a witness in a damage suit, and subscribed for the Courier for six months.

Miss Kathleen Phipps, of West Liberty who is a guest at the home of Mrs. H. C. Thompson on North Main street, delighted the audience at the Lyric Theatre Saturday afternoon with a number of piano selections. The young lady is only ten years of age, and is regarded as a musical prodigy.—Winchester Correspondence Lexington Herald.

Dr. W. G. Lockhart, a prosperous "tooth carpenter" of Campton, was in town several days this week. Doc is a native of this county, and, girls, he's a bachelor.

It is reported on high authority in the Mexican capital that the Madero Government has decided to grant full amnesty to all political offenders, including Gen. Orozco.

Leander Ferguson, J. H. Ferguson and R. H. Ferguson, of Moon, were pleasant visitors at our office last week. Leander and R. H. each had their names put on our mailing list.

H. C. Cornett of cold check and bogus-machinery-contract fame, was convicted of forgery in the Circuit Court here last week and given a sentence of from two to ten years in the penitentiary. The specific charge under which he was tried and convicted was erasing the name, "Commercial Bank of West Liberty," and inserting the name, "Morgan County National Bank of Cannel City," on a note of fifty dollars which he had made to the Commercial Bank, and on which he had failed to get the money from the first named Bank.

**For Sale.**  
Complete set of piping tools, Stock and dies, Armstrong pattern, one-fifth to two inches.  
T. H. CASKEY,  
West Liberty, Ky.  
Under Telephone Exchange 108-3t.

D. G. Lacy, of Caney was here on business Wednesday.

J. B. Haney, who has been in Oklahoma for several years, is visiting his brother J. P. Haney.

R. S. Lykins, of Texas, was here last week attending Circuit Court.

Repining never cured an ill.



Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Issued Thursdays by The Morgan County Publishing Co. Incorporated.

TERMS—One Dollar a year in advance

H. G. COTTLE, EDITOR.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce W. J. FIELDS, of Carter county, as a candidate for the nomination for Congress from the 9th district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce G. V. LYKINS, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of County Judge of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce ALEX WHITAKER, of Caney, as a candidate for the nomination for County Judge of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce FRANK KENNAIRD, of Logville, as a candidate for the nomination for County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce H. M. DAVIS, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REN F. NICKELL, of West Liberty, as a candidate for Clerk of the Morgan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JAMES W. DAVIS, of Ezel, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce C. E. CLARK, of Maytown, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce L. A. LYKINS, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM R. LYKINS, of Caney, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce W. W. McCLURE, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce E. J. WEBB, of Blair's Mill, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. H. ROE, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce LEE BARKER, of Malone, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce S. S. OLDFIELD, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

## GIVE THE MOUNTAINS A CHANCE

## JUDGE A. J. KIRK FOR APPELLATE JUDGE

Judge Andrew J. Kirk, of Paintsville, Johnson County, Kentucky is a candidate for Judge of the Appellate Court from this the Seventh Appellate District. He has served two terms as Circuit Judge of the Twenty-fourth Judicial District, being elected the last time without opposition from either Republicans or Democrats. He is seldom reversed in the Court of Appeals and has made a record to be proud of as Circuit Judge. He is well qualified to fill this office, is the logical candidate at this time, is a deserving Republican, and is a mountain man.

This office has been held by a Montgomery County man for the past forty-six years. It is time the mountain people were given some representation. Friends of Judge Kirk over the district are confident he will win, and he is becoming more popular each day.

The Primary election will be held on Saturday August 3rd. Let every Republican in the county go to the polls and help Judge Kirk, a mountain man, and the son of an old soldier, win the nomination.

We are authorized to announce JOHN PATRICK, (Assessor John) of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REV. W. H. LINDON, of Insko, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce GEO. W. STACY, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailor of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democrat party.

We are authorized to announce T. N. BARKER, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Repining never cured an ill. Swat the fly "a comin and a gwine."

A father's love can never be recovered in full.

A leper is not half as dangerous as a meddler.

The worst of all cowards is he who is afraid of self.

Smile, d—n you, smile, if you have to grit your teeth to do it.

When religion becomes dictatorial it becomes dangerous.

Detach your nose from that grindstone, go to work and be a man.

It is as great a mistake to underestimate one's abilities as it is to overestimate them, but precious few people make the former mistake.

Could we but climb where Hatcher stood, And view West Liberty o'er — ? ? ! Crack, bang f-i-z!

He (the Busybody) counts the day lost Whose low descending sun, Views from his lofty height no cruel action done.

We are opposed to the idea of sending money out of the country to mail-order houses, but unless the home merchants advertise their wares and let you know what they have for sale, let 'er go.

Requests are coming in thick and fast to know why we didn't continue our exposition of the management of the West Liberty High School, begun some time ago. You will hear more of this before long. Don't get restless. The matter is not dead but sleeping.

## ATTENTION MORGAN COUNTY

## TEACHERS. THIS IS FOR YOU.

A Great many of the "up-to-date teachers of Morgan County are already readers of the COURIER. A great many more will be after the institute convenes. Why? Because no progressive teacher fails to subscribe for and read his or her County paper. We are going to call the COURIER of the 11th inst. THE INSTITUTE EDITION. Each teacher attending the institute will be presented with a copy which is a cordial invitation to subscribe. We can help you—we have been helping you. But we cannot be of much benefit to you unless you read the paper. Morgan county has the best average lot of teachers of any county in Eastern Kentucky. She has the best rural school houses and, last but not least, she has one of the best County Superintendents in all Kentucky. There is no reason why Morgan should not lead her sister counties educationally. She's doing it now. The COURIER is all the time working for the good of you and your schools. Let's be mutually helpful to each other. Subscribe for the COURIER. Look out for the "Institute Edition." It will contain something of interest to you.

In some respects the heathen Chinese surpass the people of Morgan county, loud as we boast of our achievements. The Chinese idea is to never repair a highway but to make their vehicles stronger as their roads get worse.

The Morgan county people do neither.

The greatest hero is not he who in glittering armor arrayed, with a whoop and a rushes on to battle and to yell death, but rather he who fights life battle uncomplainingly and alone and goes down to death at last without sympathy or applause.

Don't get restless—the delinquent list and the list of claims have been in the hands of the Lynotyper for several weeks and we are looking for the plates every day. The publication will appear as soon as plates arrive.

Some so called Christians would rather go to hell than to see their neighbor go to heaven.

## Hawkins Confession

Most interesting true history of an outlaw's life ever written. Full of sound advice to the young. Get a copy of this great book while they last.

For sale at COURIER office

## Caleb Jurnior Joe Hatten

Will make the season of 1912 at SIX (\$6.00) to DOLLARS insure a living colt. The season will be made at John Carter's stable, West Liberty Ky., on Friday and Saturday of each week, the remainder of the time at my stable at Elam, Ky.

Care will be taken to prevent accidents but not responsible should any occur.

W. T. ELAM, ELAM, KY.

## NOTICE.

Section 21 of the Ordinances and By-laws of the town of West Liberty make it unlawful for any person to throw or leave any thing liable to decompose, or throw hay, straw, manure, shavings, paper or other combustible matter, or filth or abnoxious slops on any street, alley or sidewalk of the town, and imposes a fine not to exceed \$10 for each offence.

Notice is hereby give that this law will be rigidly enforced, and the citizens of West Liberty are urged to help in its enforcement.

106-4t. D. C. LEWIS, T. M.

## Public Notice.

Know All Men By These Presents: That the firm of Oakley & Lykins, which has formerly been doing a general merchandise business at West Liberty, has been dissolved by mutual agreement, and all concerned shall take notice of same and act accordingly.

Respectfully,  
R. M. Oakley,  
tf. One of firm.

We are prepared to furnish any and all kinds of cards and hand bills advertising horses, bulls or jacks. Give us a call and examine our work.

Foley Kidney Pills are healing and strengthening tonic, and contain no harmful or habit forming drugs N. J. Gorham, Cashier, Bank of Woodville, Woodville, Ga., recently had an acute attack of kidney trouble.

"The pains in my back and kidneys were terrible, but I bought a bottle of Foley Kidney Pills and took them, and can truthfully say they have entirely relieved me. I find more benefit from them than any other kidney medicine I have ever taken." Try them. For sale by all dealers.

Eor soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all druggists.

In these days of high cost of living, a medicine that gets a man up out of bed and able to work in a few days is a safe and valuable remedy. John Heath, Michigan, Bar, Cal., says: "I had kidney and bladder trouble for nearly 6 years, and was confined to my bed, unable to turn with out help. Soon after I commenced using Foley Kidney Pills and was relieved at once." His example is worth following. Foley Kidney Pills will do for others just as much as they have done for John Heath. Try them. For sale by all dealers.

Dysentery is always serious and often a dangerous disease, but it can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has cured it even when malignant and epidemic. For sale by all druggists.

An increasing number of people report regularly of the satisfactory results from taking Foley Kidney Pills and commend their healing and curative qualities. Foley Kidney Pills are a carefully prepared medicine guaranteed to contain no harmful habit forming drugs. They can have only a beneficial effect when used for kidney and bladder troubles, for backache rheumatism, weak back or lumbago. Never sold in bulk. Put up in two sizes, in sealed bottles. The genuine always in a yellow package. For sale by all dealers.

## Tact.

Tact is not a gift, but an acquisition, and yet there is something temperamental about it. It is like a finger. Some have voices easily trained, others voices difficult to subdue, some such as are hopelessly rebellious.

If you are a housewife you cannot reasonably hope to be healthy or beautiful by washing dishes, sweeping and doing housework all day, and crawling into bed dead tired at night. You must get out into the open air and sunlight. If you do this every day and keep your stomach and bowels in good order by taking Chamberlain's Tablets when needed, you shall become both healthy and beautiful. For sale by all Druggists.

During the summer months mothers of young children should watch for any unnatural looseness of the bowels. When given prompt attention at this time serious trouble may be avoided. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon. For sale by all druggists.

Summer colds are hard to get rid of, and frequently lead to asthma, bronchitis, and hay fever. Do not let your cold get a hold on you, but use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for quick relief. W. H. Allen, Chelsea, Wis., says "We prefer Foley's Honey and Tar Compound to other cough medicines because it quickly cures coughs and colds. It will ward off a cold if taken in time." Contains no opiates. Is safe for children. Remember the name, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and accept no substitute. For sale by all dealers.

Buy it now. Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. Buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency. For sale by all druggists.

The tallest tree in the world is the Australian eucalyptus, reaching a total altitude of 490 feet. The biggest are the mammoth trees of California, some of which are 276 to 376 feet in height and 108 feet in circumference at the base. From measurements of the rings it is believed that some of these trees are from 2,000 to 2,500 years old. The oldest tree in the world is said to be on the island of Kos, off the coast of Asia Minor. It is several thousand years old, but just how many no one has dared to say. The tree is carefully preserved by a wall of masonry around it, and the trunk is thirty feet in circumference. — Ex.

State of Ohio city of Toledo, Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## NEED A WELL?

If you do you are looking for me. I drill wells and case off surface water.

All work guaranteed.

Ed. Day, West Liberty, Ky.

(Continued next week.)

## For Sale

One Saw Mill, located at the mouth of Elk Fork. 20 horse power Huber Engine and double GARR-SCOTT mill. For further particulars call on or write

E. L. CAHILL, West Liberty, Ky.

102-6t. FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

## You Have Inherited a large Fortune!

It is contained in a

## Life Insurance Policy

The Insurance business is comparatively new to Eastern Kentucky. People, as a rule, have not had the time or opportunity of learning what constitutes good insurance.

We believe that you would like to know more about the business—It's honest, sane, business-like and instructive.

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## MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK

OF CANNEL CITY, KENTUCKY

Capital, \$25,000

Surplus, (Earned) 20,000

Average Deposits, 100,000

## Authorized

YOUR ACCOUNT CORDIALLY SOLICITED. M. L. CONLEY, President. JOE C. STAMPER, Vice-Pres. CUSTR JONES, Cashier.

## Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of the taxes due the State and county for the years named below, I, or one of my deputies, will, on Monday, July 8, 1912,

(that being the first day of a county court) offer for sale at the front door of the court house in West Liberty, Ky., the following real estate, to satisfy the taxes against the owners.

Year.	Owner.	Poll.	Tax.	Pen. Int & Cost.	Total
1910	Elam, J S	\$	\$5 00	\$4 77	\$11 77
1911	"		5 00	4 76	11 76
"	Carter, Sam F	1 50	3 00	1 36	5 86
"	Bryant, Isabelle		2 50	1 20	3 70
"	Buckart, L C		1 20	1 10	2 30
"	Elam, J H	2 00	2 31	1 34	5 64
"	Fugate, W P	2 00	1 20	1 25	4 45
"	Davis, Thomas	2 00	4 03	1 48	7 51
"	Day, R W	1 50	2 50	1 32	5 32
"	Haney, M S		3 00	1 24	4 24
"	Helton, Isom	1 50	3 00	1 36	5 86
"	Hutson, Raney		1 50	1 12	2 62
'09-11	Johnson, Wm M C		49 20	8 44	57 74
1911	Lykins, P L dog \$1	1 50	3 00	1 44	6 94
1911	Lykins, W D	1 50	4 00	1 44	6 94
1910-11	Lykins, Willie	1 50	3 80	1 20	6 50
1911	Lykins, W H	1 50	1 40	1 23	4 13
"	Oney, E W		50	1 04	1 54
"	Stacy, W A	2 00	1 50	1 28	4 78
"	Sebastain, J C	1 50	2 05	1 28	4 83
1910	Sebastain, Jno H	1 00	2 00	1 42	4 42
1911	"	"	1 50	8 00	1 76
1010	Sebastian, W A	1 00	3 00	1 56	5 56
1911	Stacy, W L dog \$1	2 00	90	1 31	5 20
1910	Wheeler, M L		1 85	1 16	3 14
1911	"	"	2 85	1 23	4 08
1910	"	"	5 00	1 70	6 70
1911	"	"	5 25	1 42	6 67
1910	Williams, E W	1 00	6 66	1 97	8 63
1911	Walters, C T	1 50	5 47	1 55	8 45
1911	Allen, W H	50	3 40	1 20	3 10
1909	Brown, J D	2 00	4 80	2 28	9 02
1910	"	"	2 00	4 80	8 84
1911	"	"	2 00	4 80	8 84
1911	Perkins, John	2 00	90	1 23	4 13
1911	Campbell, Henry	2 00	1 80	1 30	5 10
"	William, Halay		3 60	1 28	4 88
"	Marshall, Lewis H, & Co		8 00	1 24	4 24
"	Nickell, Grant		6 00	1 48	7 48
"	Bowman Realty Co		40 00	4 20	
"	Heiaatt, I P & oteers		18 00	2 44	20
"	Smith, Wm		5 00	1 90	
"	Helton, Cohiza, dog 12 00		4 00	2 56	
"	Easterling, J F "11 50		1 98	1 35	
"	Elam, Rhoda		4 20	1 28	
"	Gullett, Rose		1 00	1 12	
"	Lykins, J W	1 50	1 00		
1910	Lykins, G C	1 50	8 50		
1911	"	1 50	4 45		

H. B. BROWN, Sheriff



# My Lady of Doubt

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North" and other stories

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY THIEDE

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## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, is sent on a perilous mission to Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER III—The Major attends a great fete and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets a girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER IV—Trouble is started over a girl, and Lawrence is urged by his sister, Mistress Mortimer, (the Lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape.

CHAPTER V—Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant, the British spy, who agrees to a duel.

CHAPTER VI—The duel is stopped by a friend and the spy makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a snow escape.

CHAPTER VII—The Major arrives at a shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly to him. He knows the Lady of the Blended Rose.

CHAPTER VIII—Captain Grant and his men arrive and search the blacksmith in vain for the spy.

CHAPTER IX—Lawrence joins the men who capture Grant and his men.

CHAPTER X—Major Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men.

CHAPTER XI—Lawrence's captors look in a strong cell, where he meets the jailer.

CHAPTER XII—Peter advises Lawrence not to attempt escape as "some will send for him."

CHAPTER XIII—Grant's appearance is a mystery to the combination of circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV—Lawrence again meets the "Lady of the Blended Rose," who tells him that he is in her house and that he is in command of the party which captured him.

CHAPTER XV—The captive is thrust into a dark underground chamber when Grant begins a search of the house.

CHAPTER XVI—After dreading his way Lawrence finds the place deserted. He sees a little and a dead man at the threshold.

CHAPTER XVII—Col. Mortimer, father of the "Lady of the Blended Rose," finds her in a room.

CHAPTER XVIII—Capt. Grant insists on Lawrence being strung up at once.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The Cellar Room.

"I was not in the house when they came, father; Peter and I were back of the stables, fortunately mounted. We were obliged to ride hard, as we were chased several miles, and returned as soon as it appeared safe."

"And Eric?"

"He departed before Captain Grant arrived," she replied unhesitatingly, "and must be already safe within his own lines."

"It was Eric, then?"

"Who else could it be? Surely Captain Grant told you as much."

The colonel's eyes wandered about the little group, and his doubt and bewilderment were clearly evident.

"Do you know Eric's purpose in coming here? In presuming to act as an officer in Delavan's company?"

"He did not inform me, sir."

"You know this man?"

She turned, and looked at me for the first time, a silent plea in her blue eyes.

"I do—he is Major Lawrence of General Washington's army," her voice low, but distinct. "I have known him since the Continental troops were first quartered in Philadelphia."

I started slightly, yet as instantly recovered my outward composure, realizing that this strange girl again purposed protecting me from exposure, even at the expense of a falsehood.

"Indeed; you were doubtless aware then that he was within Sir Henry Clinton's lines as a spy?"

"Far from it," she laughed easily, not glancing toward me, but permitting her eyes to rest upon the bewildered face of Captain Grant. "Why, that idea is perfectly absurd. Did you tell my father so ridiculous a story, captain?"

"Did I? What else could I say?" he growled indignantly. "He was within our lines in British uniform."

Her long lashes veiled the blue depths modestly.

"Yet there might be other reasons for such masquerade, gentlemen," she confessed. "Would it be impossible, think you, that he should have taken so great a risk to again meet with me?"

There was a silence following the simple question, broken by Seldon's laugh, as he slapped his knee in appreciation.

"Good enough, by Gad!" he exclaimed heartily. "The lass has cleared the mystery with a word. The fellow would be a poor soldier indeed to fail in such a test—eh, Grant?"

The Ranger scowled at him in sudden response, his face dark with suspicion.

"Well, a-ho! This thing may touch your humor, but not mine. What is the meaning of your words, Mistress Claire?" Are you shameless, forgetting the pledge between us?"

She turned her face toward him as a queen might, her head held high, her cheeks flaming.

"You have said your answer once for all, Captain Grant. There is no pludge between us."

"But, daughter," broke in the colonel, still bewildered by this sudden explosion. "I can scarcely comprehend; surely it was understood that you were engaged to me?"

"I am not engaged to any one," she said calmly. "I have never been engaged to any one."

"I found no trace of his presence, sir."

There was a moment of silence, broken unexpectedly by the rustle of a dress. I turned in surprise, and saw Claire standing quietly in the doorway.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," she said softly, "but perhaps I can explain much of this mystery."

Seldon sprang forward and offered her a chair, but she merely thanked him and remained standing.

"I found no trace of his presence, sir."

There was a moment of silence, broken unexpectedly by the rustle of a dress. I turned in surprise, and saw Claire standing quietly in the doorway.

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"Pardon me, gentlemen," she said softly, "but perhaps I can explain much of this mystery."

Seldon sprang forward and offered her a chair, but she merely thanked him and remained standing.

"This situation leaves me in an embarrassing predicament," he admitted at last slowly. "I hardly know what to do. I am either a father, or an officer of the king. No matter what his purpose may have been this man penetrated our lines in disguise; he admittedly exercised command of those irregulars who attacked and routed Delavan's column, and has since been prowling about disguised as a countryman. Merely because my daughter confesses to a friendship between them can hardly justify me in setting him at liberty."

He paused, rising to his feet, his eyes on my face. The girl lifted her head, looking up at him.

"Major Lawrence, I shall hold you prisoner of war, referring your case to Sir Henry Clinton. In the meanwhile you shall receive every consideration possible in accordance with your rank. I am now going join my men in pursuit of Fagin. Captain Grant, you will accompany me, and Mr. Seldon, I shall leave you in charge of the prisoner until we return."

He took a step toward the door; then turned to his daughter.

"I shall expect you to be ready to ride with us on our return to Philadelphia, Claire," he said kindly. "It is evidently not safe for you to remain here alone."

"Very well, father."

"Come, Grant, we shall have to ride hard to overtake our men."

The captain started reluctantly, cowering at me as he passed.

"I should enjoy having the privilege of being left in charge here," he said, for my benefit.

"No doubt, sir," returned Mortimer coldly. "But I have already selected Mr. Seldon for that duty."

They left the house together, and I watched them ride past the window, followed by a dozen soldiers. As they disappeared Seldon turned his eyes to my face. He was rather a pleasant looking young man, but possessed an aggressive chin.

"While I have no orders to that effect, major," he said quietly, "I would take the responsibility of accepting your parole."

"Are you not rather reckless?"

"Oh, I think not," smilingly. "I would have you give it to Mistress Mortimer—surely under those conditions you would never run away."

She stole a swift glance at me, shaking her head.

"That would be too strong an imprisonment," I responded instantly. "Under all conditions I prefer not to give my parole."

"Very well, sir," more stiffly, his gently vanishing with my rather curt refusal. "When I shall take all necessary precautions to prevent escape." He stepped aside to the hall door. "You may send two men in here, Ferguson."

They entered quietly, glancing about with some curiosity, but taking position on either side of me at Seldon's command. Claire stood beside the table in silence, her glance out the window. Only as we wheeled about to leave the room did her eyes meet mine.

"That swift glimpse beneath the lashes caused me to leave the room with swiftly beating heart. At the door I stole another glance backward, but she had sunk into a chair, her face concealed in her hands. With Seldon ahead, and the two guards behind, I tramped down the stairs into the basement, and was again locked within the walls of the strong room."

As the lock clicked I sat down upon the bunk far from being disheartened. Fate had been playing strange pranks, but I was not left without hope, for I felt assured I had read correctly the swift message of those uplifted blue eyes. She had not wished me to accept parole; then there must be some plan of escape already formulated in her mind. I could only wait quietly, striving to solve the meaning of those suddenly uplifted blue eyes, and the promise they contained.

## CHAPTER XX.

The Lady's Plan.

I must have remained there an hour undisturbed, listening to faint sounds in the rooms above, and peering out between the iron bars at a little square of blue sky, and some waving branches. Once, with ear pressed against the door, I could distinguish the regular steps of a sentinel pacing back and forth, and out of the window I caught the silhouette of a cocked hat and brown gun barrel. Seldon was evidently guarding me with the utmost care.

By the light I judged the time somewhat beyond noon, when the door opened suddenly, and Peter appeared bearing a trap. He was as mysteriously silent and professional as upon his first visit, not even favoring me with a glance, his mind apparently intent upon his duties, moving about noisily, wiping the table, and placing his load of dishes thereon with great care that all should be arranged in perfect order. The door remained ajar during these preparations, a Queen's Ranger standing there motionless, leaning on his gun, and eyeing us steadily. At last Peter drew up a chair, dusted it, and with wave of the hand invited me to be seated. I ate as slowly as possible, while he stood over me, anticipating my every want. He might have been a wax figure, so mechanically did he operate, and the sentinel never for an instant relaxed his scrutiny.

I had picked up almost the last crumb, toying with it in desperation, when a voice spoke apparently from the head of the stair. The Ranger turned his head to answer, and at the instant a paper pellet was crushed into my hand. Instinctively my fingers closed over it, and as the guard turned back again, gruffly ordering us to hurry up, Peter was at the opposite side of the table gathering up the dishes, his bald head shining brilliantly, his eyes as dull as those of a fish. I leaned back watching him, clutching the paper pellet in the palm of one hand, until he passed out with his tray, and the door clicked behind him. Not once did he glance toward me, or acknowledge my presence. Fearful lest I might be spied upon, my heart beating wildly in anticipation, I lay down in the bunk with face to the wall, and unrolled the pellet. It contained but a few words, hastily scrib-



"Quick, Now, Yer Damn Rebel!" He Said Hoarsely; "Be Up an' Lam Me One, an' Here's the Rope!"

bled, in a lady's delicate handwriting. "Don't despair; if they are away until after dark I will arrange. Can do nothing before." There was no signature, but I needed none to know whose fingers had held the pencil. My lips pressed the paper ere I tore it into fragments, and scattered them outside the bars.

The hours of that afternoon dragged themselves along with exasperating slowness, as I listened for hoofbeats, imagining every sound the approach of returning horsemen. With no longer any doubt of her intention, my apprehensions riveted itself on the possibility of the British getting back before darkness gave opportunity for putting her plans into execution. As to what they might be I cared nothing, being ready to assume any risk which would lead to escape. As the gray of twilight approached, my ears strained to the slightest sound, distinguished the changing of sentinels. But I waited vainly for any visitor; darkness closed me in, but no one came with food.

I pressed my face against the bars striving to look into the night, my only reward the glimpse of a few distant stars. Suddenly, as I stood there, voices sounded at a distance, the words indistinguishable, and then foot-steps crashed along the gravelled footpath, as though a number of men were running toward the back of the house. They were below my range of vision, but a moment later I heard the sounds of scattered shots, and saw the sharp flash of firing. I was still clinging to the bars, trying to determine what it all meant, when the door was opened. The light of a lantern in his hand revealed a green and white uniform, and the deeply seamed face of a man of fifty.

"Quick now, yer damned rebel!" he said hoarsely. "Be up an' lam me one, and here's the rope."

"What?"

"I had been some one all along, according to your theory—any gentleman who has shown me ordinary kindness. You have called out Captain Kincaid, Lieutenant Matthews, Major Lang, and others, just to prove your ownership of me. You have made me the laughing stock of Philadelphia. Now it pleases you to select Major Lawrence with whom to associate my name. Because he danced with me once you feel justified in quarreling with him in my presence, in roasting him into fighting you. This was the act of a cowardly bully. Whatever respect, I may once have had for you, Captain Grant, has been dissipated this past winter."

"Can you tell me it is not Lawrence?"

"I could tell you, and very plainly, but I refuse to be questioned."

"Well, by Gad! I know without asking your hand, and he sprang to his feet, gripping her hand. "You've helped that fellow against me from the first. I'll put up with it no longer. I came back here tonight desperate, prepared to resort to any measures. I meant to give you a chance, and, by heaven! I have. Do you think I am the sort of man you can play with? If I can have you only by force then it is going to be that. Oh, don't try to pull away! I've got you now just as I wanted you—alone! Your father is not here, and that fool Seldon is busy enough on yonder. There is not even a guard to interfere. Do you know what I mean to do?"

She made no answer, but her silence seemed to fan his anger.

"Sister, are you? Well, I'll tell you just the same. There's a preacher living at the crossroads—you know him, that swiveling, long-faced Jew. He's a ranting rebel all right, but he'll do what I say, or I'll cut his heart out. You are going there with me tonight to be married. I'll put an end to these tantrums, and by tomorrow you'll have come to your senses. Now will you go quietly, or shall I make you?"

She wrenched away from him; and then her white-robed figure sprang forth into the starlight. I saw him grasp her, tearing the shoulder of his dress with the fierce grip of his fingers. I was already upon my feet, crouched behind the bush, prepared to spring. She drew back, her face white as marble.

"You coward! You cur!"

"Hold your temper, mistress," with a snarling laugh. "I know how to conquer you."

That moment I reached him.

"He has not been injured?"

"Who, the colonel? With a short laugh. "No fear of that while pursuing those fellows; they ride too fast, and are scattered by now all the way from here to the Atlantic. Probably a squad of the same gang out there fighting Seldon. Trouble with the colonel is he takes the affair too seriously; imagines he is actually on the trail, and proposes to remain out all night. I became tired of such foolishness and rode back."

"You mean you left? Deserted?"

"Oh, hardly that," lazily. "You see I was sent out with a detachment to ride down the Lewistown road. I merely left my sergeant in command and turned my horse's head this way. I can be back by morning, and I wanted to see you."

"To see me, Captain Grant? I disobeyed my father's orders to ride back and see me? I hardly appreciate the honor."

"Oh, I suppose not," his tone grown suddenly bitter. "But I am here just the same, and propose carrying out my intention. What do you think I am made of—wood? You treat me as though I possessed no feelings to be hurt. See here, Claire, don't draw away from me like that. What has got into you lately? You have led me a merry chase all winter in Philadelphia, but now you have even dared to flaunt me to my face, and in the presence of your father. Do you suppose I am the kind to stand for that? What is the matter, girl? Who has come between us? Is it that rascally rebel? No; you stay where you are, and answer me. That is what I came back alone for, to find out."

She was upon her feet, and I could even see her hand clasping a lattice of the summer house.

"Why do you ask this? What right have you? There was never a promise between us."

"The understanding has existed for ten years; never denied until now," he protested hotly. "You knew I loved you; I've fought a dozen men on your account—"

"True enough," she broke in, "you have challenged every gentleman who has dared address me. Did you think such swashbuckling was going to win my heart? Any girl possessing self-respect would revolt at such methods. Whatever affection I may have felt for you as a boy has been driven from me by these actions. You wanted a slave, a servant, not a companion, and it is not in Mortimer blood to yield to every whim, to every crack of the whip. I never loved you, never confessed I did. I tried to be obedient, endeavored to like you to please my father, but this past winter has so thoroughly revealed your real character that I will pretend no longer."

"My character! We have known each other from childhood; I know well enough what has made the difference in you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed; it's that damned Continental spy."

"I had been some one all along, according to your theory—any gentleman who has shown me ordinary kindness. You have called out Captain Kincaid, Lieutenant Matthews, Major Lang, and others, just to prove your ownership of me. You have made me the laughing stock of Philadelphia. Now it pleases you to select Major Lawrence with whom to associate my name. Because he danced with me once you feel justified in quarreling with him in my presence, in roasting him into fighting you. This was the act of a cowardly bully. Whatever respect, I may once have had for you, Captain Grant, has been dissipated this past winter."

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## CHAPTER XXI.

Words of Love.

In spite of the fact that he was armed the advantage was all with me. His grip on the girl dragged her to the ground with him, but she rolled aside as we grappled like two wild beasts, my fingers at his throat. I knew the strength of the man, but my first blow had sent his brain reeling, while the surprise of my unexpected assault gave me the grip sought. He struggled to one knee, wrenching his arms free, but went down again as my fist cracked against his jaw. Then it was arm to arm, muscles to muscles, every sinew strained as we clung to each other, striving for mastery. He fought like a fiend, roaring and snarling to make me break my hold, but I only clung the closer, twisting, one hand free,

and driving my fist into his face. At last I gripped his pistol, wrenched it forth, and struck with the butt. He sank back, limp and breathless, and I rose to my knees looking down into the upturned face. Almost at the moment her hand touched my shoulder.

"Is he dead? Have you killed him?"

"Far from it," I answered gladly. "He is merely stunned, and will revive presently, but with a sad headache. I would not have hit him, but he is a stronger man than I."

"Oh, you were justified. It was done to protect me. I knew you must be somewhere near."

"You were waiting for me?"

"Yes—no; not exactly that. I was in the summer house; I did not mean you should see me, but I wished to be sure of your escape; I—I—of course I was anxious."

"I can easily understand that, for you have assumed much risk—even ventured the life of the devoted Peter."

"Oh, no; you rate my devotion too high by far. Peter's life has not been endangered."

"But the guard told me he was the direct cause of all that firing beyond the ravine."

"The starlight revealed the swift movement in her eyes."

"I—I—well, I believe he was originally responsible, but—well, you see I know Peter, Major Lawrence, and really there is no danger that he will get hurt. I cannot imagine what they could have found to fire at so long, but it is certainly not Peter. 'T would be my guess that he is even now in the house, calmly eating supper, not even wasting a smile on the racket without. You may have observed he is not of an emotional disposition."

"My attention has, indeed, been called to that fact. Yet that does not explain how he could be in two places at one and the same time."

"Nothing that Peter pleases to do is explainable. His ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts. He is simply Peter. He started all this, but was never in front of those guns long. They must be shooting at shadows. But, Major, we forget where we are, the perils about us, and the necessity of your immediate escape. We must not stand talking here."

She was close beside me, looking up into my face, her eyes filled with anxiety. There were words upon my lips I longed to speak, questions I desired to ask, but I held these sternly back, restrained by the pleading in those eyes.

"No, for your sake I must go at once," I answered soberly. "Seldon must not find you here, nor must Grant suspect your connection with my assault upon him. I doubt if he recognized my face in this darkness, although he will surely realize the truth when he learns of my escape. But how can I leave you here unprotected? When this man returns to consciousness—and that can mean but a few moments—he will be furious."

"I shall be safe enough. He will have no opportunity to find me alone. Tonight I had no conception that he was near, and was not even armed. I have been afraid of him for months; he has acted like a crazed man. But you must go!" She caught my arm, urging me toward the thicket where the horse was concealed; then suddenly paused with a new thought. "Take his hat and coat," she whispered swiftly. "There are British patrols between here and the Delaware Quick, and I will have your horse untied."

I did as directed, feeling the value of the suggestion, and a moment later, in appearance an officer of Queen's Rangers, slipped through the thicket of trees, and took the reins from her hands.

"You will go straight back into the house?"

"Yes," she said obediently; then extended her hand. "Goodbye, Major Lawrence. I suppose this ends our acquaintance."

"Not if I can avoid such a fate," I replied, holding her fingers closely. "If I believed that I am not sure but I would return to the cell. It has been a strange intimacy into which we have been thrown; three days have made us old friends. Surely you cannot believe me so ungrateful as your words seem to imply."

"But I deserve no gratitude," making no effort to draw away, yet looking into my face frankly. "Perhaps you have misunderstood. It is not possible for the women of these Colonies to sacrifice as well as the men in the cause of patriotism? You must not believe that I have done this merely for your sake, Major Lawrence."

"Yet I would like to believe so," I insisted warmly. "You are the daughter of a loyalist."

(Continued on Fourth Page)

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We have a 600 acre tract of coal land in Breathitt county situated on the O. & K. R. R., that we will sell at a very low figure, if taken soon. We will sell in fee for less than the usual mineral right price. See us and get this bargain.

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YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.



## My Lady of Doubt.

(Continued from 3d page)

"And Eric is the son of a loyalist," laughing, "and wears a Continental uniform. I am not privileged to go so far, restrained by the limitations of sex, yet I may be equally a rebel."

"Which would seem to mean that all your kindness toward me would have been similarly given to any patriot soldier."

"Why—why, yes; I—I think so."

"And I do not, Mistress Claire; I refuse to do so. Her eyes flashed up at me, and I lost all restraint in their swift challenge. "I am going to speak—just a word, yet I must give it utterance before I ride out into the dark, away from you. I love you. It makes no difference to me where your sympathies may be in this struggle, you have won my heart. Look up, dear, and listen. I am going back to camp, back to the campaign. I know not what the night, what the morrow may bring. But I know for ever I love you, and that if I live I shall surely come back. Will you be glad? Will you promise me welcome?"

"I could feel her tremble, yet there was no shrinking in her face, no alarm. "Oh, why were you compelled to say that? I tried so hard not to let you. I—I cannot make the promise, it would not be right."

"Not right?"

"No, you do not know me. I told you before I was a sham, a fraud, not what I appeared to be. I will not explain even to you, and you must not ask me. Only it hurts me to hear you say what you have, and be compelled to return this answer."

"You care then—you do not disguise that?"

She threw her head back proudly, making no attempt to withdraw her hands.

"Yes, I care; any woman would. It is not true that I have served you merely because you were a soldier of the Colonies. I think it was true, perhaps, at first, but later it was different. Oh! why do I say this? Why do I delay your departure by consenting to remain here in conversation? Major Lawrence, cannot you realize that my only desire is to have you get away safely?"

"But that is not my only desire," I protested. "It must be weeks, months, before I can hope to see you again. I am a servant of the Colonies, and must go where I am sent; we are upon the verge of a campaign involving exposure and battle. I may not even come forth alive. Must I go without a word, without a hope? Claire, Claire, sweetheart, you have no right to turn me away, because of some phantom of imagination."

"But it is not, it is terribly real."

"I care not; I would still love you in spite of all; you may be a spy—a British spy—but the fact would mean nothing to me. I would trust you, Claire, your womanhood; I should know that whatever you did was in accordance with your conscience, and be content—if you but love me. And, thank God! I know you do."

"I—I—no! You cannot mean that!"

"Ay, but I do. Have you supposed I could not read the message of those eyes? Oh, it may be dark, dear, but there is a stargleam, and when the lashes lift—they confess a thousand times more than your lips acknowledge. Yet I insist on the lips! Now tell me," and I held her to me, "tell me!"

"What—oh, major, please!"

"There are but three words to speak; whisper them, dear, and I go."

"Three words?"

"Such easy words; they are trembling on your lips now—I love you."

"But if I do not, if they are false. Hush! There is some one on the veranda—Seldon must have returned."

"All the more reason why you should speak quickly," I whispered, without releasing her.

"Will you go, then? At once?"

"I pledge my word."

She drew a deep breath, her eyes shadowed, but I could hear the swift pulsing of her heart.

"It—it will mean nothing—nothing."

"Of course; only a memory to dream over."

Her lashes lifted, her head tilted back upon my shoulder. For a bare instant I gazed down into the depths.

"Then—I will—I love you!"

With the words I kissed her, pressing my lips to hers; an instant, they clung, and I felt the pressure of her arm, the hot blood rushing through my veins.

"Sweetheart," I whispered, "sweetheart."

"No, no! and she thrust me from her. "You forget, I am not that. You must not think it even. See, that man is coming down the steps. He will discover Captain Grant, and it will be too late—Oh, go, major, please go!"

I turned without another word, fully realizing the danger, the necessity of action. Her hand touched mine as I grasped the rein.

"We part friends," she said softly. "Some day you may understand and forgive me."

"I understand now more than you think," I returned swiftly, "and I am coming back to learn all."

## CHAPTER XXII.

I uncover Captain Grant.

The thickset was sufficiently dense to conceal us from the man, who remained standing at the foot of the steps. He was but a mere dark shadow, and I could not even distinguish that he was a soldier, yet the danger of his presence was sufficiently great, for should he advance to the right he would come upon Grant's unconscious form, and in that silence the slightest noise might arouse suspicion. Mistress Claire still clung to my hand, but only to whisper a sentence of instruction.

"Go straight north, major, until you reach the hedge; follow the shadow of that beyond the orchard, and then take the road running westward. Don't mount until you reach there—goodbye."

"Goodbye, you will not forget me?"

"I—I am afraid not, but—but you must go!"

I left her standing there, a faint gleam of white against the dark shrubbery, motionless.

There is no incident of that night's ride which I recall distinctly. I merely pushed on steadily through the darkness, leaving my mount to choose

his own course, confident we were headed toward the river. I was sufficiently acquainted with the valley of the Delaware, when daylight came, to decide upon the nearest ford. As to the British patrols, I must run the risk of dodging these, but felt safe from such an encounter for several hours. In truth I met no one, having no occasion to even draw rein, although we passed through two small villages, and by a number of farms. I could not even determine that these houses were occupied; they were dark and silent, even the galloping hoofs of my horse falling to awaken response.

It was already daylight when I drew up on the bluff summit to gaze down into the river valley. In the middle distance small villages faced each other across the stream, and toward these most of the roads converged—proof of the existence of a ford. I could not be mistaken as to the town—Burlington on the Jersey shore, and opposite Bristol. I should be safe enough in the latter, even if we had no outpost stationed there. I knew homes along those shaded streets, where food would be forthcoming, and where I could probably procure a fresh horse. It was the nearer town, nestled on the Jersey bank, that I studied with the greatest care, but so far as I could see, the single street was deserted. To the south, certainly two miles away, a squadron of horse were riding slowly, surrounded by a cloud of dust. Without doubt this was the British patrol that had left the village at daybreak.

It was a hot, close morning, and the padded Ranger's coat heavy and tight-fitting. I took it off, flinging it across the saddle pommel. As I did so a folded paper came into view, and I drew it forth, curiously. My eye caught the signature at the bottom of a brief note, and I stared at it in surprise.

Fagin! How came Fagin to be writing to Captain Grant? He pretended to be a Tory to be sure, yet both armies knew him as a murderous outlaw, plundering loyalists and patriots alike. There came to me a memory of Farrel's chance remark that Grant had some connection with this fellow's marauding. I had not seriously considered it then, but now—why, possibly it was true. I read the lines almost at a glance, scarcely comprehending at first, and then suddenly realized the base villainy revealed:

"Have the money and papers, but the girl got away. Will wait for you at Lone Tree tonight. Don't fail, for the whole country will be after me as soon as the news gets out about Elmhurst."

FAGIN.

So that was the reason for this raid—Grant's personal affair. He had returned to Elmhurst, leaving his men to trudge on into Philadelphia under their Heesian officers so that he might communicate with Fagin. What a pity it was I had failed to kill the fellow, instead of leaving him unconscious.

The papers! Perhaps they were in the coat also. Surely Grant had no time to change and destroy them, as he must have ridden directly to Elmhurst. I searched the pockets of the garment hastily, finding a note or two, his orders to escort Delavan, and a small packet tied securely by a cord. I felt no hesitancy in opening this, and ascertaining its contents. The lines I read hastily seemed to blur before my eyes; I could barely comprehend their purport. Little by little I grasped the meaning of it all, and then my mind leaped to recognition of Grant's purpose. They were notes of instruction,

brief orders, suggestions, memoranda, such as might be issued to a secret agent greatly trusted. These were addressed simply "Mortimer," many unsigned, others marked by initials, but I instantly recognized the handwriting of Washington, Hamilton and Lee. Without question this packet was the property of Eric Mortimer, but why had the boy preserved these private instructions, covering months of operations, I should judge, although scarcely one was dated? And what caused them to be of value to Captain Grant?

The answer came in a flash of suspicion—the colonel. He could be threatened with them, blackmailed, disgraced before Sir Henry Clinton, driven from his command. They were addressed merely to "Mortimer," discovered at Elmhurst, and were sufficient to convict of treason. It was a splendid plot, well conceived, and Grant was fully capable of carrying it out to the end. I could realize what the possession of these papers meant to him—military advancement, a distribution of the Mortimer estate in which he would doubtless share, and a fresh hold on Claire whereby he could terrify the girl into accepting them.

I stood there in uncertainty, turning these papers over and over in my hands, striving to determine my duty. Should I return to Elmhurst? To do so would only bring me into renewed peril, and would apparently benefit no one. Without this packet Grant was helpless to injure Colonel Mortimer.

As to Claire, Seldon would protect her for the present, and as soon as the father returned, he would doubtless compel her to accompany him back to Philadelphia. The best service I could render was to destroy these notes, and then seek out Eric Mortimer, in Lee's camp, and tell him the whole story. All that anyone could do now was to warn the Mortimers against Grant, to let them know his treachery, and this

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